MEDIVS.

55. b. 20
1-16

Pſalmes, Sonets, & ſongs of ſadnes and pietie, made into Muſicke of fiue parts: whereof, ſome of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies, are heere truely corrected, and th'other being Songs very rare and newly compoſed, are heere publiſhed, for the recreation of all ſuch as delight in Muſicke: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maieſties honorable Chappell.

Printed by Thomas Eaſt, the aſsigne of W Byrd, and are to be ſold at the dwelling houſe of the ſaid T. Eaſt, by Paules wharfe.
1588.
Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

N. Park Esq.r

Sir,

In order to prevent unnecessary risk, or delay, we have selected some descriptive scenes for the Wood Cuts, and by this means having the MS. at leisure, I have taken this opportunity of transmitting it for your inspection, according to your request, and, sincerely wishing you may find a gratification commensurate to your trouble in this employ, I remain

Sir,

Your Most Obd.t

Humble Servt.

W. Holloway

E. J. H.

Octr. 27th 1802.

Scott obtained a vol. from Cristabla containing 36 Sets (Jan 1808)

1. Hymenes &c by Jo. Ammer (Vol. [illegible])
2. Same as No. 10 (D.F.) 1604
3. Madrigals by Tho. Bateson 2d Set. 1618
4. Songs of sundry nature by Byrd 1610
5. Neatorres Songs & Sonnets by Byrd 1611
6. Musica Sacra [illegible] Croce 1608
7. Anthemes &c [illegible] 1619
8. Madrigals 1st [illegible] Robert Jones 1607
9. — [illegible] 1601
10. [illegible] 1590
11. [illegible] 1619
12. Same as No. 6 (D.F.) 1598
13. Madrigals [illegible] 1609
14. Balletts & madrigals by T. Weelkes [illegible] 1608
15. Musica Transalpina [illegible] 1588
16. Hymenes &c de Cornelio Schuyt 1611
17. Padovane et Gagliarde by [illegible] 1611
18. Same as No. 13 (D.F.) 19 Same as No. 1 (D.F.
20. Madrigals by Richd. Carlton, Priest 1601
21. Madrigals 2d Set by Mr East 1606 2d Do by Do 1604
23. [illegible] (Same as No. D.F.) 1595
24. — 1st Set by Orlando Gibbons 1612
25. Pavans, Gagliarde Almains by Ant. Holborne 1599
26. [illegible] 1st Set by Wm. Lichfield 1613
27. Canzonets by Thos. Morley 1597
28. Madrigals & Mascals by Fra. Pilkington 1612
29. Madrigals de Cornelio Schuyt 1610
30. Hollandsche Madrigalen by [illegible] 1603
31. Madrigals by [illegible] Bonnet 1599
32. — [illegible] John Farmer 1599
33. Canzonets [illegible] Fremantle 1598
34. Madrigals [illegible] Morley 1594
35. [illegible] 1600
36. Songs [illegible] 1619
37. [illegible] Thos. Morley [illegible]

Lit. of Mr. Paul Hyatt
Sold at Chapman Dec. 1798

Lot 394 - Pammelia. Musickes Miscellanie: or mixed Variatie of pleasant Roundelayes & delightful catches - of 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. parts in One. None so ordinary as musicall, none so musicall, as not to all very pleasing & amplette - Lond. Pd by Ho Snodham 1618. 4to Ms. N3. Keys, first pr in 1609 - Sr. J. Hawkins Vol 4. p. 10. [illegible] Book of [illegible] kind

1. Farmer.

1. Bird, Psalms, Sonnets, &c. 1588.
2. —— Sacræ Cantiones. 1589.
3. —— Liber secundus. 1591.
4. Morley Balletts. 1595.
5. Vautkes, Madrigals. 1597.
6. Wilbye, Madrigals. 1598.
7. Vautkes, Balletts. 1598.
8. —— Madrigals, 1597 A. 1600. 3 parts
9. Morley, Balletts, 1597. 1600. 3 parts
10. Bateson, Madrigals. 1604.
11. Morley, Canzonets. 1606.
12. Alison, Songs. 1606.
13. Vautkes, Balletts. 1608.
14. Wilbye, Madrigals. 1609.

Bird was the Author of the famous Non Nobis Domine: & Morley, Welkes & Wilbye were our best Madrigalists.

See Burney, V. 3. p. 121 &c.

¶ Reaſons briefely ſet downe by th'auctor, to perſwade euery one to learne to ſing.

FIrſt, it is a knowledge eaſely taught, and quickly learned, where there is a good Maſter, and an apt Scoler.

2 The exerciſe of ſinging is delightfull to Nature, & good to preſerue the health of Man.

3 It doth ſtrengthen all parts of the breſt, & doth open the pipes.

4 It is a ſinguler good remedie for a ſtutting & ſtamaring in the ſpeech.

5 It is the beſt meanes to procure a perfect pronunciation, & to make a good Orator.

6 It is the onely way to know where Nature hath beſtowed the benefit of a good voyce: which guift is ſo rare, as there is not one among a thouſand, that hath it: and in many, that excellent guift is loſt, becauſe they want Art to expreſſe Nature.

7 There is not any Muſicke of Inſtruments whatſoeuer, comparable to that which is made of the voyces of Men, where the voices are good, and the ſame well ſorted and ordered.

8 The better the voyce is, the meeter it is to honour and ſerue God there-with: and the voyce of man is chiefely to be imployed to that ende.

Omnis ſpiritus laudet Dominum.

Since ſinging is ſo good a thing,
I wiſh all men would learne to ſing.

¶TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE Sir Chriſtopher Hatton knight, Lord Chancellor of England, William Byrd wiſheth long life, and the ſame to be moſt healthie and happie.

THE often deſires of many my good friends, Right honorable, and the conſideration of many vntrue incorrected coppies of diuers my ſonges ſpred abroade, haue beene the two cauſes, chiefly mouing my conſent at length to put in Print the fruits of my ſmall ſkill and labors in Muſicke. Then the dutie, honor, and ſeruice due from me vnto your Lordſhip, together with the remembrance of your iudgement and loue of that Arte, did moue and imbolden me to preſent this firſt printed worke of mine in Engliſh, to paſſe vnder your L. fauour & protectiõ: vnworthie I cõfeſſe, the view or Patronage of ſo worthie a Perſonage. Yet remembring that ſmal things ſometime do great ſeruice, and that repoſe is beſt taſted by bodies forewearied: I hoped that (by this occaſion) theſe poore ſongs of mine might happely yeelde ſome ſweetneſſe, repoſe, and recreation vnto your Lordſhips minde, after your dayly paines & cares taken in the high affaires of the Common Wealth. Moſt humbly beſeeching your Lordſhip, that if my boldneſſe heerein be faultie, my dutifull good will, and good meaning may excuſe it: which if I may ſo fortunately perceiue, it ſhall incourage me to ſuffer ſome other things of more depth and ſkill to follow theſe, which being not yet finiſhed, are of diuers expected and deſired. Inceſſantliy beſeeching our Lord to make your yeeres happie, and ende bleſſed, I wiſh ther were any thing in me worthy of your Lordſhip to be commaunded.

Moſt humblie your L. euer to commaund

William Byrd.

¶The Epiſtle to the Reader.

BEnigne Reader, heere is offered vnto thy courteous accepration, Muſicke of ſundrie ſorts, and to content diuers humors. If thou be diſpoſed to praye, heere are Pſalmes. If to be merrie, heere are Sonets. If to lament for thy ſinnes, heere are ſongs of ſadneſſe and pietie. If thou delight in Muſicke of great compaſſe, heere are diuers ſongs, which being originally made for Inſtruments to expreſſe the harmonie, and one voyce to pronounce the dittie, are now framed in all parts for voyces to ſing the ſame. If thou deſire ſongs of ſmall compaſſe & fit for the reach of moſt voyces, heere are moſt in number of that ſort. Whatſoeuer paines I haue taken heerein, I ſhall thinke to be well imployed, if the ſame be well accepted, Muſicke thereby the better loued, & the more exerciſed. In the expreſsing of theſe ſongs, either by voyces or Inſtruments, if there happen to be any iarre or diſſonance, blame not the Printer, who (I doe aſſure thee) through his great paines and diligence, doth heere deliuer to thee a perfect and true Coppie. If in the compoſition of theſe Songs, ther be any fault by me committed, I deſire the skilfull, either with courteſie to let the ſame be concealed, or in friendlie ſort to be thereof admoniſhed: and at the next Impreſsion he ſhall finde the error reformed: remembring alwaies, that it is more eaſie to finde a fault then to amend it. If thou finde any thing heere worthie of lykeing and commendation, giue prayſe vnto GOD, from whome (as from a moſt pure & plentifull fountaine) all good guifts of Scyence doe flow: whoſe name be glorified for euer.

The moſt aſſured friend to all
that loue or learne Muſicke:
William Byrd.

¶The names and number of thoſe ſongs which are of the higheſt compaſſe.

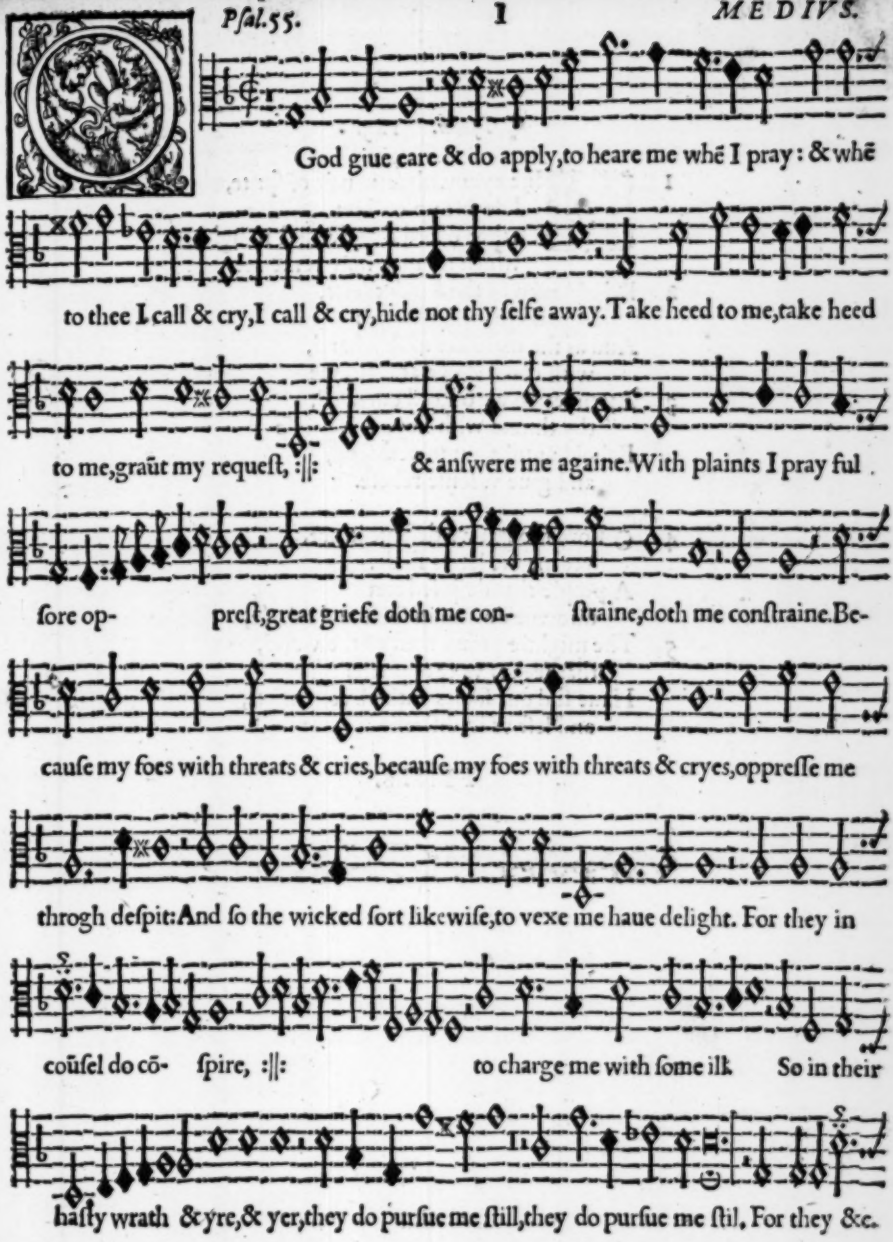
MY ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe.	III	Lord in thy wrath.	IX
How ſhall a young man prone to ill.	IIII	La virginella.	XXIIII
O Lord how long wilt thou forget.	V	If that a ſinners ſighes.	XXX
O Lord who in thy ſacred tent.	VI	Care for thy ſoule.	XXXI
Help Lord for waſted are all thoſe.	VII	Lullaby.	XXXII
Bleſſed is he that feares the Lord.	VIII	Why doe I vſe.	XXXIII

¶ERRATA.

In ſome of the ſongs, the Moode is miſtaken wherefore where you ſee this Moode ⌽ being the Perfect of the leſſe: ſing after this Moode ☾ being the Imperfect of the more. By which Moode you muſt recke all your Sembriefe reſts after the meaſure of three Minems.

In the ſong of Farewell falſe loue, the reſt of the Dittie doth onely want in the Superius part, wher it ſhould chiefely haue bene.

In the third verſe, of the VIII. ſong, Bleſſed is he &c. For, dure ſhall for euer: Read Endure ſhall for euer.

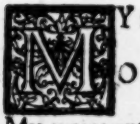

God giue eare & do apply,to heare me whē I pray: & whē
to thee I call & cry,I call & cry,hide not thy ſelfe away. Take heed to me,take heed
to me,graūt my requeſt, :||: & anſwere me againe. With plaints I pray ful
ſore op- preſt,great griefe doth me con- ſtraine,doth me conſtraine. Be-
cauſe my foes with threats & cries,becauſe my foes with threats & cryes,oppreſſe me
throgh deſpit: And ſo the wicked ſort likewiſe,to vexe me haue delight. For they in
coūſel do cō- ſpire, :||: to charge me with ſome ilk. So in their
haſty wrath & yre,& yer,they do purſue me ſtill,they do purſue me ſtil. For they &c.

1 MIne eyes with feruencie of ſprite,
I do lift vp on hie:
To thee ô lord that dwell'ſt in light,
which no man may come nie.
2 Behold euen as the ſeruants eies,
vpon their maſter waite:
And as the maid her miſtris hand,
with carefull eye and ſtrayte
3 Attendes: So we ô Lord our God,
thy throne with hope and griefe
Behold, vntill thou mercie ſend,
and giue vs ſome reliefe.

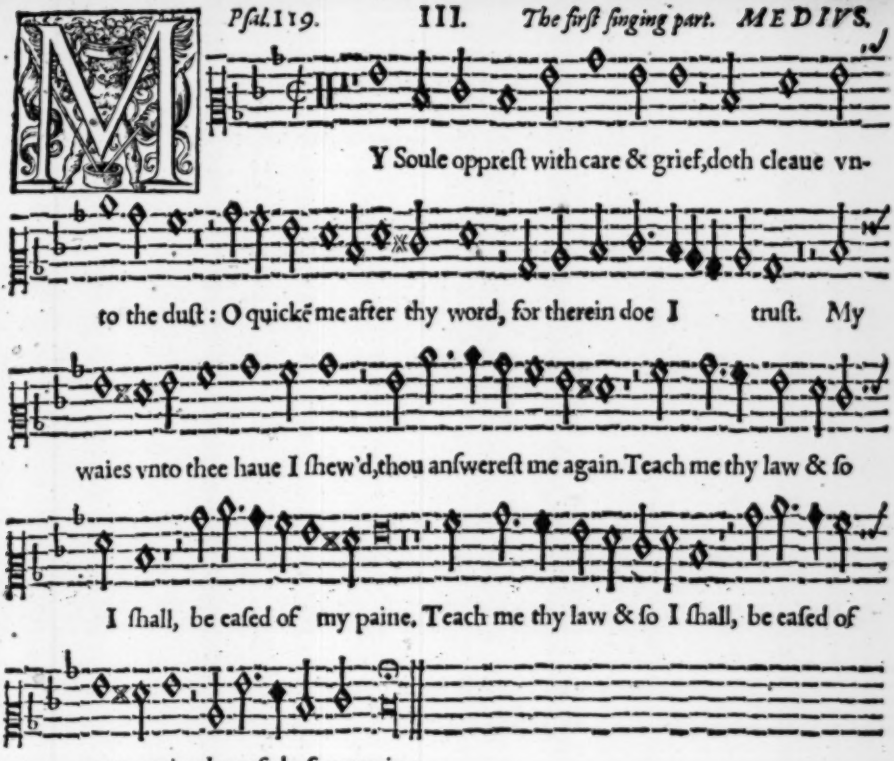
4 O Lord though we deſerue it not,
yet mercie let vs finde:
A people that deſpiſed are,
throwne downe in ſoule and minde,
5 The mightie proud men of the world,
that ſeekes vs to oppreſſe:
Haue fild our ſoules with all contempts,
and left vs in diſtreſſe.

FINIS.

Ine eyes with feruencie of ſprit, of ſprite, mine
eyes with feruencie of ſprite, :||:
I doe lift vp on hie, on hie : To thee ô Lord, ô Lord, to thee ô Lord that
dwelleſt in light, which no man may come nie, :||: which
no man may come nye.

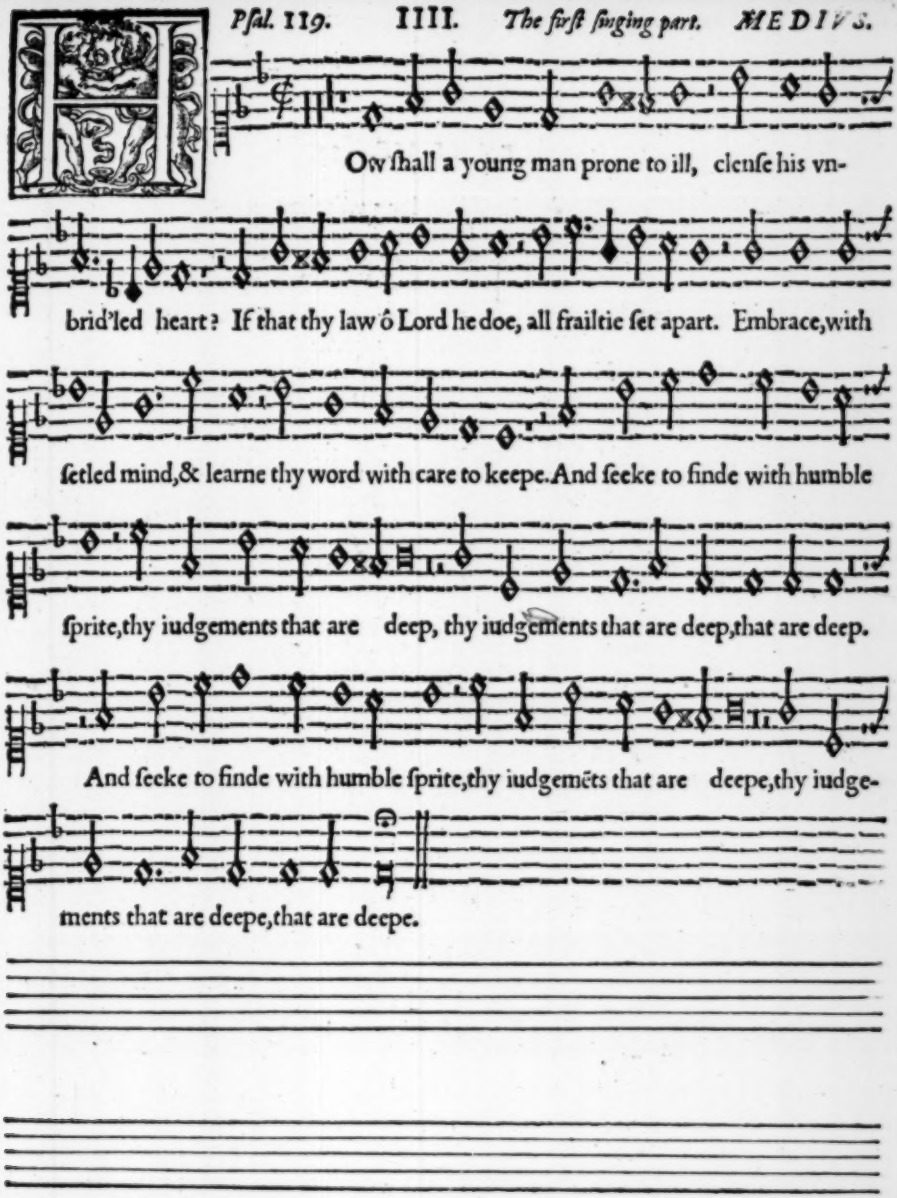
1  Y ſoule oppreſt with care and griefe,
doth cleaue vnto the duſt:
O quicken me after thy woord,
for therein doe I truſt.
2 My waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd,
thou aunſwereſt me againe:
Teach me thy lawe and ſo I ſhall,
be eaſed of my paine.
3 The way of thy commaund'ments Lord,
make me to vnderſtand:
And I will muſe vppon the power,
and wonders of thy hand.
4 My heart doth melt and pyne away,
for very payne and griefe:
O,raiſe mee vp,after thy word,
and ſend mee ſome reliefe.
5 All falſhood, and falſe waies O Lord,
doe thou from me remoue:
And graunt me grace,to know thy lawe,
and onely that to loue.
6 The way of truth I chooſe to tread,
to keepe my life in awe:
And ſet before me as a marke,
thy ſacred woord and lawe.
I cleaue,O Lord,vnto all things,
7 witneſſed by thy ſpeech:
Whereof that I repent me not,
I humbly thee beſeech.
When that my heart thou ſhalt enlarge,
8 to ſeeke and runne the waies:
Of thy precepts, I will not fayle,
the length of all my dayes.

FINIS.


MY Soule oppreſt with care & grief, doth cleaue vn-
to the duſt: O quicke me after thy word, for therein doe I truſt. My
waies vnto thee haue I ſhew'd, thou anſwereſt me again. Teach me thy law & ſo
I ſhall, be eaſed of my paine. Teach me thy law & ſo I ſhall, be eaſed of
my paine, be eaſed of my paine.

1 HOw ſhall a young man prone to ill,
clenſe his vnbridled heart?
If that thy lawe, ô Lord he doe,
all frailtie ſet apart.
Embrace with ſetled minde, and learne
thy word with care to keepe:
And ſearch to finde with humble ſprite,
thy iudgements that are deepe.
2 With my whole heart, I haue thee ſought,
and ſearched out thy waie:
O ſuffer not that from thy word
I ſwarue or goe aſtraie.
3 Thy word ô Lord, within my heart,
Leaſt I ſhould thee offend:
I haue laide vp as treaſure great,
for that ſhall mee defend.
4 The Lord is bleſt, he ſhall me teach,
the iudgements of his mouth,
Thereby to rule and dreſſe the waies,
of mine vntamed youth.
5 Thy lawes therefore, in open place,
my lippes ſhall euer ſound:
And neuer fayle to ſhew foorth that,
to which thou haſt me bound.
6 For in the way of thy precepts,
I ſet my whole delight:
No wealth, no treaſure of the world,
ſo precious in my ſight.
7 What thou commaund'ſt I will think on,
with diligent reſpect:
And to thy lawes haue due regard,
for they ſhall me protect.
8 In thy precepts, ô Lord, my ſoule
her whole delight hath ſet:
Thy words therefore more pure then gold,
I neuer will forget.

FINIS.


How ſhall a young man prone to ill, cleanſe his vn-
brid'led heart? If that thy law ô Lord he doe, all frailtie ſet apart. Embrace, with
ſetled mind, & learne thy word with care to keepe. And ſeeke to finde with humble
ſprite, thy iudgements that are deep, thy iudgements that are deep, that are deep.
And ſeeke to finde with humble ſprite, thy iudgemẽts that are deepe, thy iudge-
ments that are deepe, that are deepe.

1 Lord, how long wilt thou forget,
to ſend mee ſome reliefe?
For euer wilt thou hide thy face,
and ſo increaſe my griefe?

2 How long ſhall I with vexed heart,
ſeeke councell in my ſpirit?
How long ſhall my malicious foes,
triumph and me deſpit?

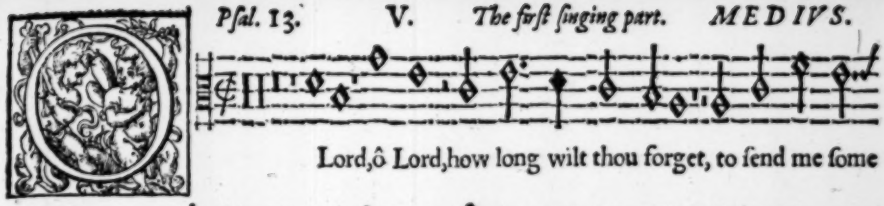
3 O Lord my God, heare my complaint,
vttered with wofull breath:
Lighten mine eies, defend my life,
that I ſleepe not in death.

4 Leaſt that mine enemie ſay I haue,
againſt him loe preuayl'd.
At my downe fall they will reioyce,
that thus haue me aſſayl'd.

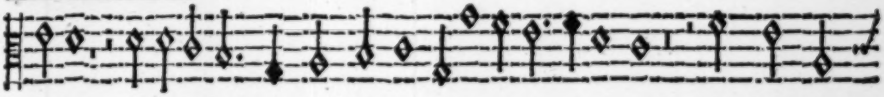
5 But in thy mercie Lord I truſt,
for that ſhall mee defend:
My hart doth ioye, to ſee the help,
which thou to me wilt ſend.

6 Vnto the Lord therefore I ſing,
and doe lift vp my voyce:
And for his goodneſſe ſhew'd to mee,
I will alway reioyce.

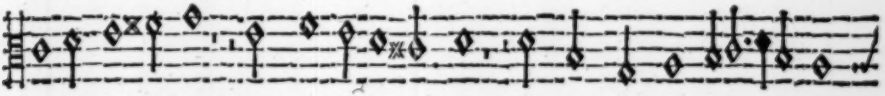
FINIS.



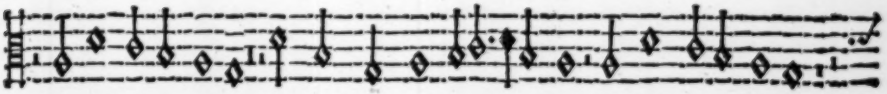
O Lord,ô Lord,how long wilt thou forget, to ſend me ſome



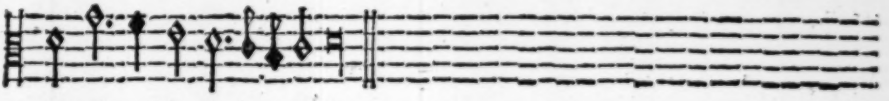
reliefe? For euer wilt thou hide thy face,& ſo increaſe my griefe? How long ſhall



I with vexed heart,ſeeke counſel, in my ſprite? How long ſhall my malicious foes,



triumph & me deſpit.How long ſhall my malicious foes,triumph, & me deſpite?



triumph and me de- ſpite?

1 Lord who in thy ſacred tent,
and holy hill ſhall dwell:
Euen he that both in heart & mind,
doth ſtudie to doe well.

2 In life vpright, in dealing iuſt,
and he that from his heart
The truth doth ſpeake with ſinglenes,
all falſhood ſet apart.

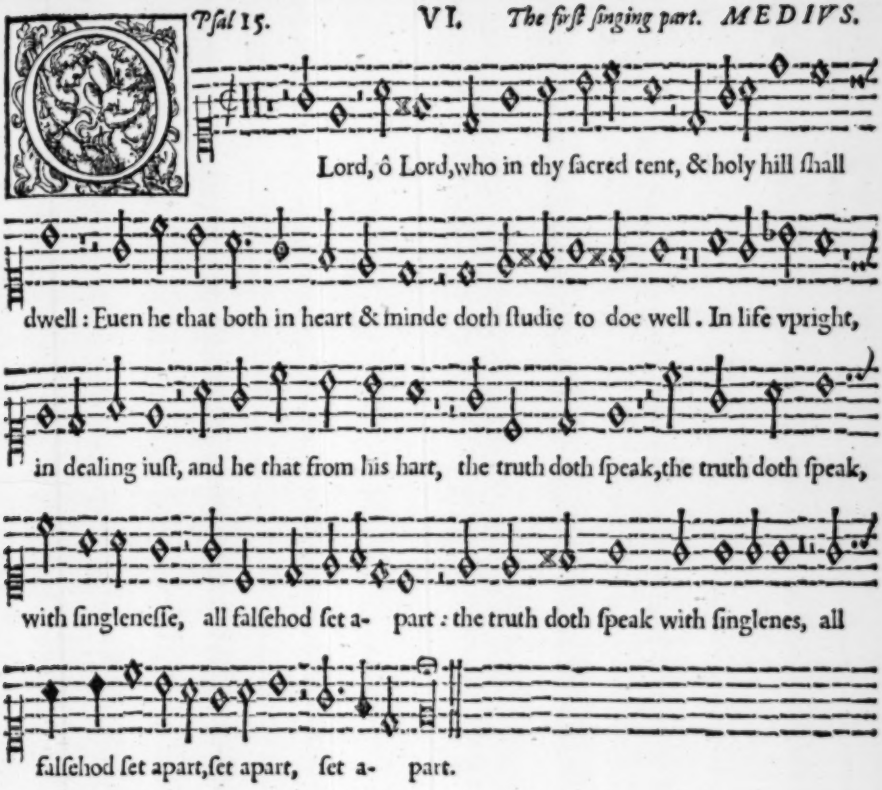
3 With tongue beſides that hurts no man,
by falſe and ill report:
Nor friend nor neighbour harme will doe,
where euer he reſort.

4 That hates the bad, and loues the good,
and faith that neuer breakes:
But keepes alwaies though to his loſſe,
the woord that once he ſpeakes.

5 Nor filthie gaine by loue that ſeekes,
nor wealth ſo to poſſeſſe:
Nor that for bribes, the guiltles ſoule,
doth labour to oppreſſe.

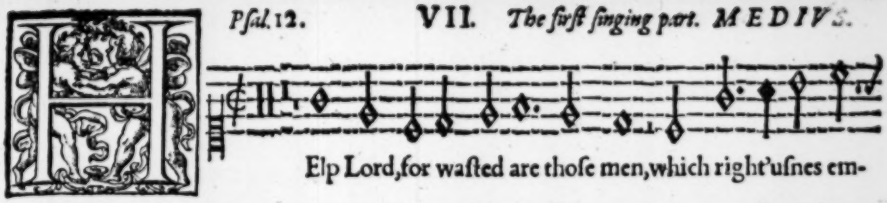
6 Like as a mount ſo ſhall he ſtand,
nothing ſhall him remoue:
That thus ſhall do, the Lord hath ſaid,
no man can it diſproue.

FINIS.


Lord, ô Lord, who in thy ſacred tent, & holy hill ſhall
dwell : Euen he that both in heart & minde doth ſtudie to doe well . In life vpright,
in dealing iuſt, and he that from his hart, the truth doth ſpeak, the truth doth ſpeak,
with ſingleneſſe, all falſehod ſet a- part : the truth doth ſpeak with ſinglenes, all
falſehod ſet apart, ſet apart, ſet a- part.

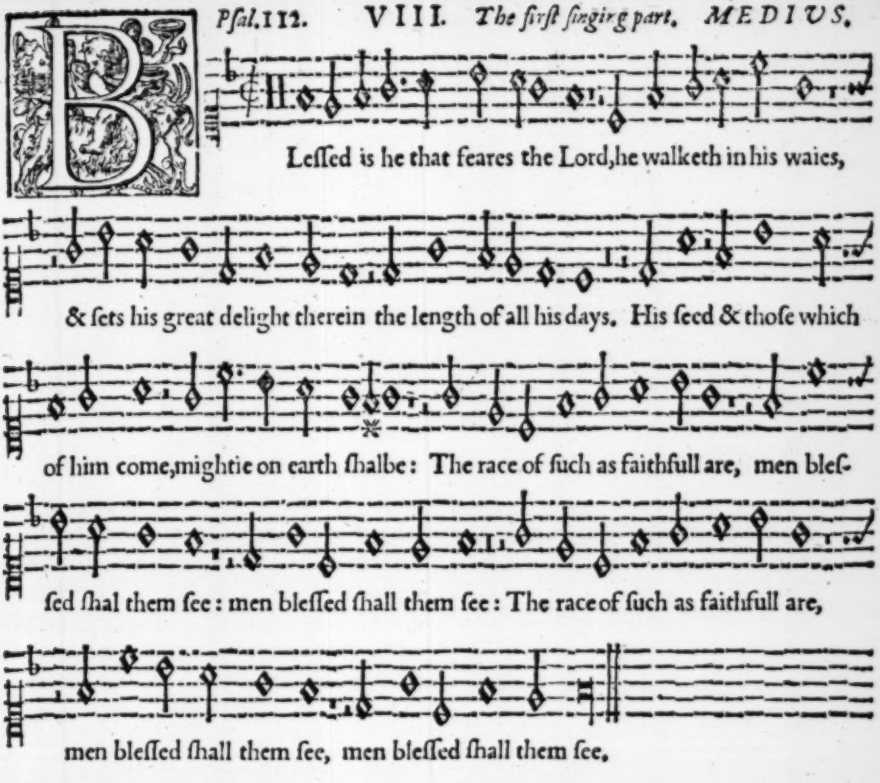
1 Elp Lord for waſted are thoſe men,
which right'uſneſſe embrace:
And rarely found that faithful are,
but all the truth deface.
2 Each to his neighbour falſhood ſpeakes,
and them ſeekes to beguile:
With flattering lips and double heart,
when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile.
3 All flattering lips, the Lord our God,
in iuſtice will confound:
And all proud tongues, that vaunt great things,
he will bring to the ground.
4 Our tongues ſay they, ſhall lift vs vp,
by them we ſhall preuaile:
Who ſhould vs let, or ſtoppe our courſe,
that thereof we ſhould fayle.
5 For the deſtruction of the iuſt,
and ſuch as be oppreſt:
And for the mournings of the poore,
that likewiſe be diſtreſt.
6 I will riſe vp now ſaith the Lord,
and eaſe their griefe and care:
Of thoſe which he full craftely,
hath draw'n into his ſnare.
7 Like ſiluer fine that tried is,
ſeuen times by heate of fire:
So are thy words Lord pure and cleane,
to ſuch as them deſire.
8 Thou Lord wilt keepe, and wilt defend,
all ſuch as in thee truſt,
And from that curſed race of men,
ſaue all ſuch as be iuſt.
9 When euill men exalted be,
the wicked gad about,
Farre from all feare of payne, but thou
ô Lord wilt roote them out.

FINIS.


Help Lord,for waſted are thoſe men,which right'uſnes em-
brace: And rarely found,that faithfull are, but all the truth de- face. Each to his
neighbor falſehod ſpeaks,and them ſeekes to be- guile,With flat'ring lips and
double heart,when ſmotheſt he doth ſmyle, with flat'ring lips and double heart,when
ſmotheſt he doth ſmile,when ſmotheſt he doth ſmile,he doth ſmile.

1 BLeſſed is he that feares the Lord,
he walketh in his waies:
And ſets his great delight therein,
the length of all his dayes.
2 His ſeed and thoſe which of him come,
mightie on earth ſhalbe:
The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.
3 Plenteouſnes within his houſe,
and want there ſhalbe nouer:
His righteous and vpright dealing,
endure ſhall for euer.
4 In miſtie cloudes of troubles darke,
which doe the iuſt oppreſſe,
The Lord in mercie ſends them light,
and eaſeth their diſtreſſe.
5 The righteous man is mercifull,
and lendeth where is need,
He guids with indgement all his things,
be it in woord or deed.
6 Though ſtormes doe fall and tempeſts riſe,
the righteous ſhall ſtand faſt,
A good remembrance of the iuſt,
for euer that ſhall laſt.
7 None euill tidings ſhall him feare,
his heart is fully ſet,
He truſteth and beleeues the Lord,
that will him not forget.
8 A ſtabliſht heart within his breſt,
no feare where ſo he goes,
The Lord in iuſtice will reuenge,
the malice of his foes.
9 A hand that doth relieue the poore,
for which he may be ſure,
A good report will follow him,
that alwaies ſhall endure.
10 This ſhall the wicked ſee and fret,
and waſt away with ire,
Periſh ſhall and conſume to naught,
all that he doth deſire.

FINIS.


Leſſed is he that feares the Lord, he walketh in his waies,
& ſets his great delight therein the length of all his days. His ſeed & thoſe which
of him come, mightie on earth ſhalbe: The race of ſuch as faithfull are, men bleſ-
ſed ſhal them ſee: men bleſſed ſhall them ſee: The race of ſuch as faithfull are,
men bleſſed ſhall them ſee, men bleſſed ſhall them ſee.

Ord in thy wrath reproue me not, though I deſerue thine yre,

Ne yet correct me in thy rage, ô Lord I thee deſire. For I am weak, therfore (ô Lord)

of mercy me forbere: And heale me Lord, for why, thou know'ſt, my bones do quake

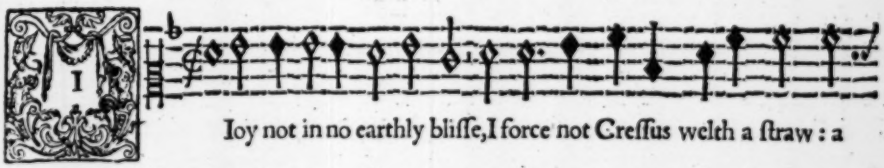
for fear, my bones do quake for feare.

Ven from the depth, vnto thee Lord, with heart and voice

I crye: Giue eare ô God vnto my plaint, and help my mi- ſerie, and help my mi-

ſerie, and help my miſerie.

¶ *Heere endeth the Pſalmes, and beginneth the Sonets and Paſtorales.*

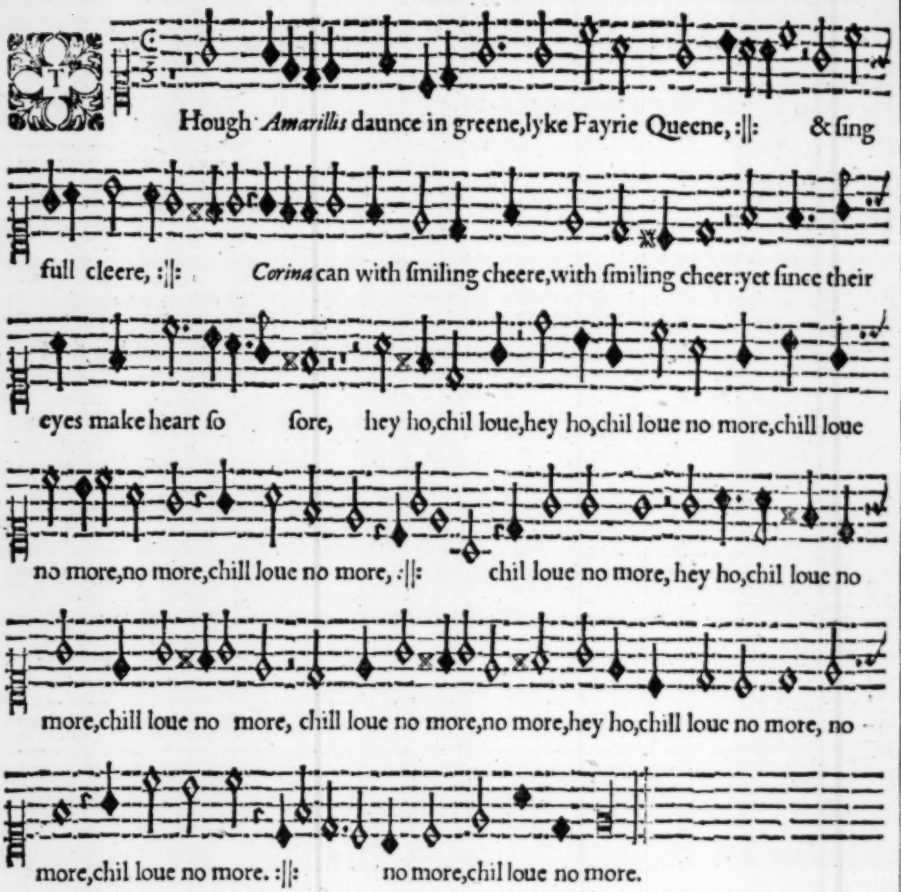


2 I wiſh but what I haue at will,
I wander not to ſeeke for more:
I like the plaine I clime no hill,
in greateſt ſtormes I ſitte on ſhore:
and laugh at them that toyle in vaine,
to get what muſt be loſt againe.

3 I kiſſe not where I wiſh to kill,
I faine not loue where moſt I hate:
I breake no ſleepe to winne my will,
I wayte not at the mightyes gate:
I ſkorne no poore, nor feare no ritch,
I feele no want nor haue to much.

4 The Court and Cart I like, nor loath,
extreames are counted worſt of all:
the golden meane betweene them both,
doth ſureſt ſit and feare no fall:
this is my choyſe, for why I finde,
no wealth is like the quiet minde.

FINIS.



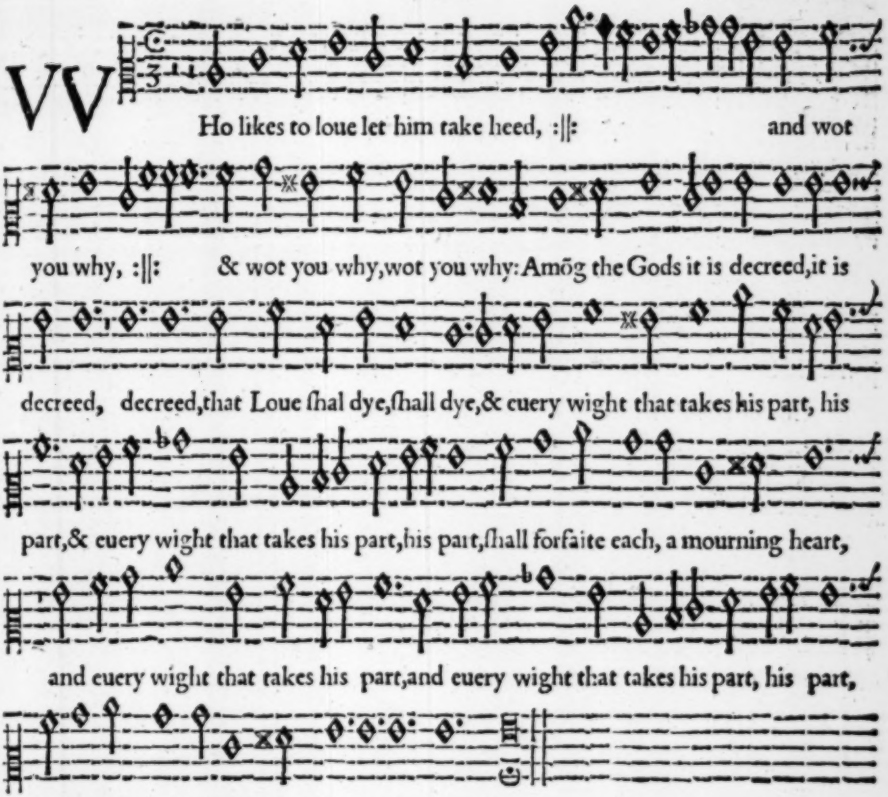
2 My ſheepe are loſt for want of foode,
and I ſo wood:
that all the day,
I ſit and watch a heardmaid gay:
who laughes to ſee me ſigh ſo ſore,
hey ho,chill loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes,her beautie bright,
is ſuch delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like,and loſe my gayne:
for her that thankes me not therefore,
hey ho,chil loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendly foes,
and cauſe of woes:
your ſweete deſire,
breeds flames of Iſe & freeſe in fire:
ye ſ korne to ſee me weepe ſo ſore,
hey ho,chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who liſt I force him not,
ſith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the leſſe my ſighes & teares preuaile:
what ſhall I do but ſay therefore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

FINIS.



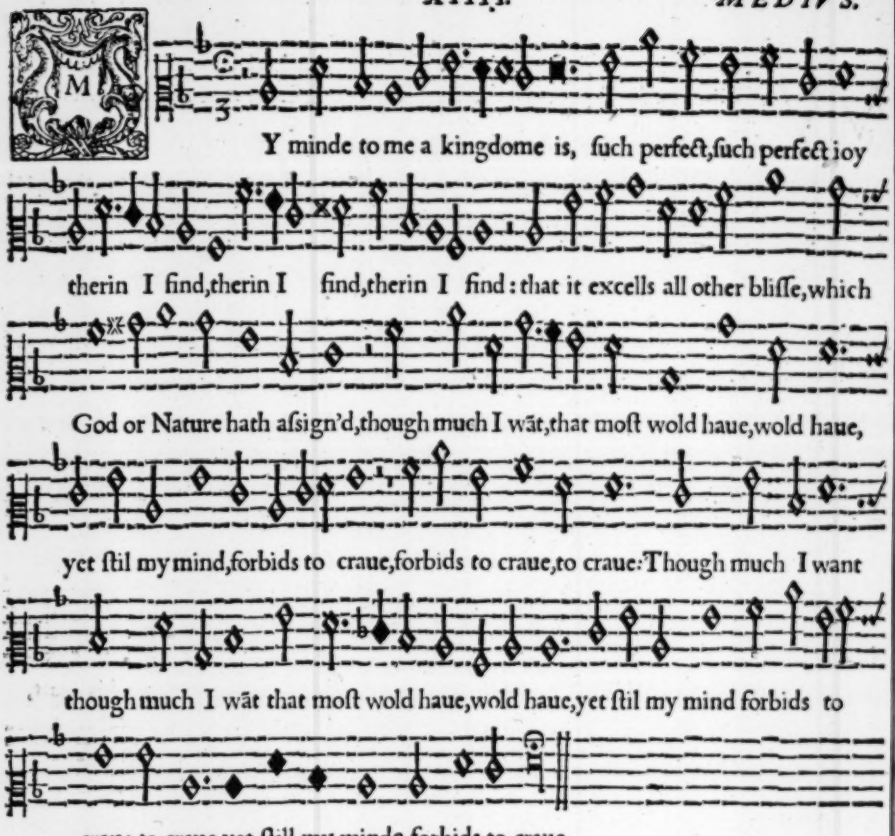
2 The cauſe is this as I haue heard,
a ſort of dames,
whoſe beautie he did not regard,
nor ſecret flames,
complaind before the gods aboue,
that gold corrupts the God of loue.

3 The gods did ſtorme to heare this newes,
and there they ſwore,
that ſith he did ſuch dames abuſe,
he ſhould no more
be God of Loue, but that he ſhould
both die, and forfait all his gold.

4 His bow & ſhafts they tooke away,
before their eies,
and gaue theſe dames a longer day,
for to deuiſe,
who ſhould them kepe, & they be bound,
that Loue for gold ſhould not be found.

5 Theſe Ladies ſtriuing long, at laſt
they did agree,
to giue them to a mayden chaſt,
whome I did ſee:
who with the ſame did perce my breſt,
her beauties rare, and ſo I reſt.

 FINIS.



2 No prince'lie port nor welthie ſtore,
no force to winne a victorie:
no wyly wit to ſalue a ſore,
no ſhape to winne a louing eye:
to none of theſe I yeeld as thrall,
for why my mind deſpiſe them all.

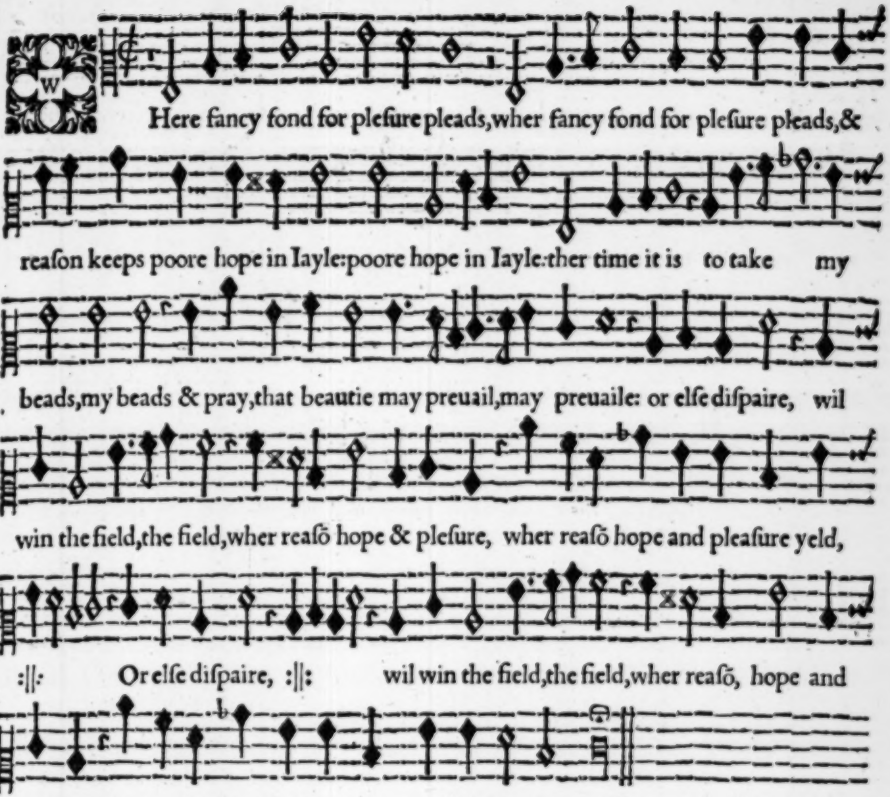
3 I ſee that plentie ſurfets oft,
and haſtie clymbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as are aloft,
miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
theſe get with toile & keepe with feare,
ſuch cares my mind can neuer beare.

4 I preſſe to beare no haughtie ſway,
I Wiſh no more then may ſuffice:
I do no more then well I may,
looke what I want my mind ſupplies:
loe thus I triumph like a king,
my mind content with any thing.

5 I laugh not at anothers loſſe,
nor grudge not at anothers gaine:
no worldly waues my mind can toſſe,
I brooke that is an others bane:
I feare no foe nor fawne on friend,
I loth not life nor dread my end.

6 My wealth is health & perfect eaſe,
& conſience cleere my chiefe defence:
I neuer ſeeke by bribes to pleaſe,
nor by deſert to giue offence:
thus do I liue, thus will I die,
would all did ſo as well as I.

FINIS.



2 My eys preſume to iudge this caſe,
whoſe iudgement reaſon doth diſdaine:
but beautie with her wanton face,
ſtands to defend,the caſe is plaine:
and at the barre of ſweete delight,
ſhe pleads that fancie muſt be right.

3 But ſhame will not haue reaſon yeeld,
though griefe do ſweare it ſhall be ſo:
as though it were a perfect ſhield,
to bluſh,and feare to tell my woe:
where ſilence force will at the laſt,
to wiſh for wit when hope is paſt.

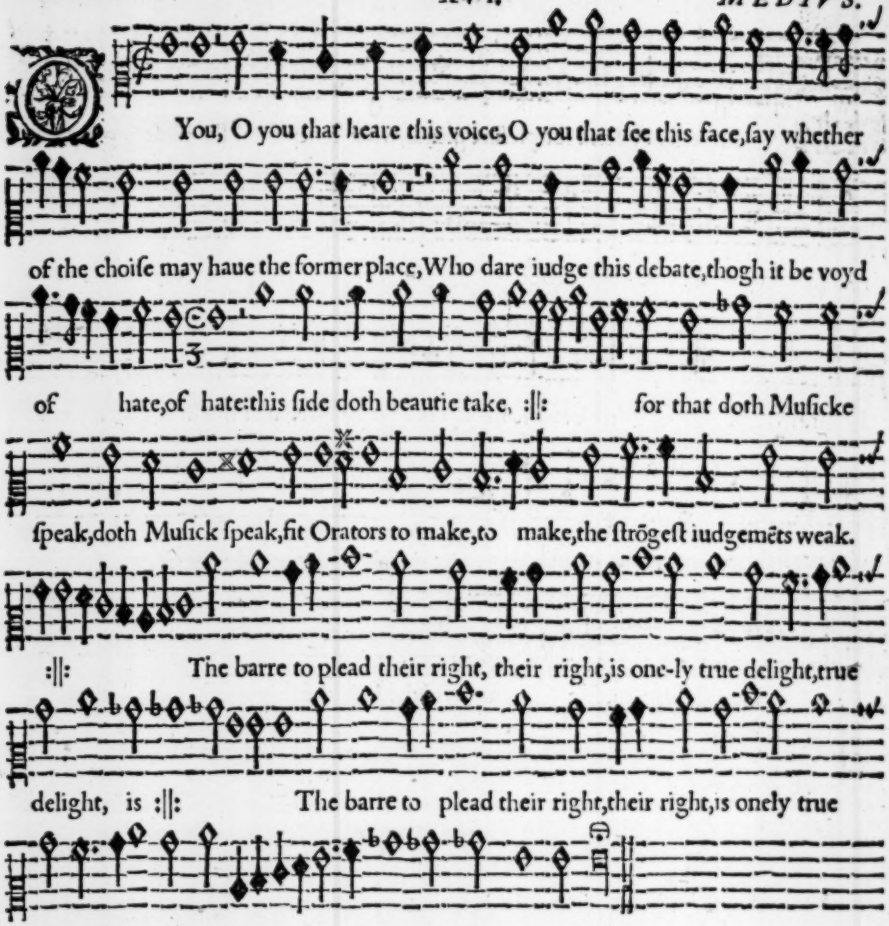
4 So farre hath fond deſire out runne,
the bond which reaſon ſet out firſt:
that where delight the fray begunne,
I would now ſay,if that I durſt:
that in her ſtead ten thouſand woes,
haue ſprong in field where pleaſure grows

5 O that I might declare the reſt,
of all the toies which fancy turnes:
like towrs of winde within my breſt,
where fire is hid that neuer burnes:
then ſhould I try one of the twaine,
either to loue,or to diſdaine.

6 But fine conceit dares not declare,
the ſtrange conflict of hope & feare:
leaſt reaſon ſhould be left ſo bare,
that loue durſt whiſper in mine eare,
and tell me how my fancie ſhall,
bring reaſon to be beawties thrall.

7 I muſt therefore with ſilence buyld,
the laborinth of my delight:
till loue haue tri'd in open field,
which of the twaine ſhall win the fight:
I feare me reaſon muſt giue place,
if fancie fond winne beauties grace.

FINIS.



3 Thus doth the voice and face,
these gentle lawiers wage:
like louing brothers cast,
for fathers heritage:
that ech, while ech contends,
it selfe to other lends.

4 For beautie beautifies,
with heauenly hewe and grace,
the heauenly harmonies,
and in that faultles face,
the perfect beauties be,
a perfect harmonie.

5 Musicke more lostie swells,
in phrases finely plac'd:
Beautie as farre excels,
in action aptly grac'd:
a friend ech partie drawes,
to countenance his cause.

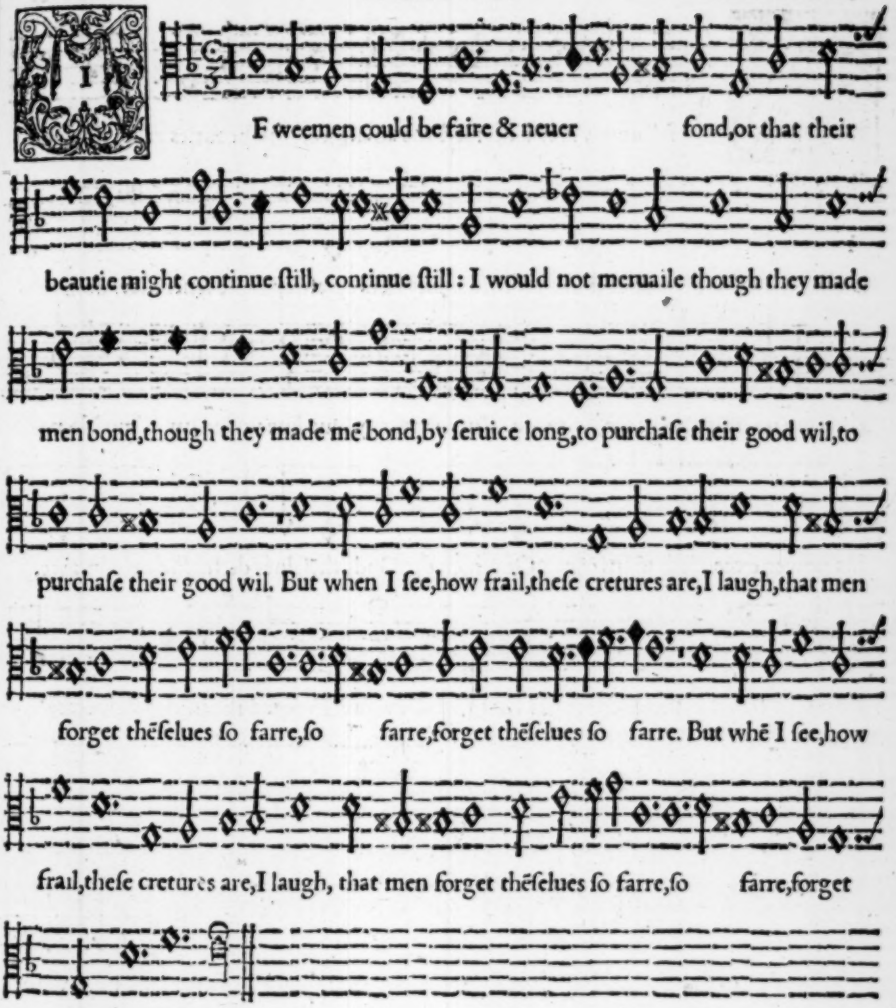
6 Loue more affected seemes,
to Beauties louelie light,
and wonder more esteemes,
of Musicke wond'rous might,
but both to both so bent,
as both in both are spent.

7 Musicke doth witnes call.
the eare his truth to trie:
Beautie brings to the hall,
eye witnesse of the eye
eche in his obiect such,
as none exceptions touch.

8 The common sense with might,
be arbiter of this:
to be forsoth vpright,
to both sides parciall is:
he layes on this chiefe praise,
chiefe praise on that he layes.

9 Then reason, princesse hie,
which sits in throne of mynd:
and Musicke can in skye,
with hidden beauties find,
say whether thou wilt crowne,
with limitlesse renowne,

FINIS.



2 To marke what choiſe they make,& how they
How leauing beſt,the worſt they choſe out ſtill: (change,
And how like haggards wilde,about they range,
Skorning after reaſon to follow will.
Who would not ſhake ſuch buſſards from the fiſt,
And let them flie [faire fooles] which way they liſt.

3 Yet for our ſport we fawne & flatter both,
To paſſe the time,when nothing elſe can pleaſe:
And traine them on,to yeeld by ſubtill oath,
The ſweete content,that giues ſuch humor eaſe.
And then we ſay,when we their follies trie,
To play with fooles,Oh what a foole was I.

FINIS.

Mbitious loue hath forſt me to aſpire, the beauties rare which do

adorne thy face: Thy modeſt life yet bridles my deſire, deſire, whoſe ſeuere law doth pro-

miſe me no grace, no grace, no grace. But what? may loue liue vnder any law. No, no?

his power exceedeth mans cõceit: Of which the Gods thẽſelues do ſtãd in awe, in awe,

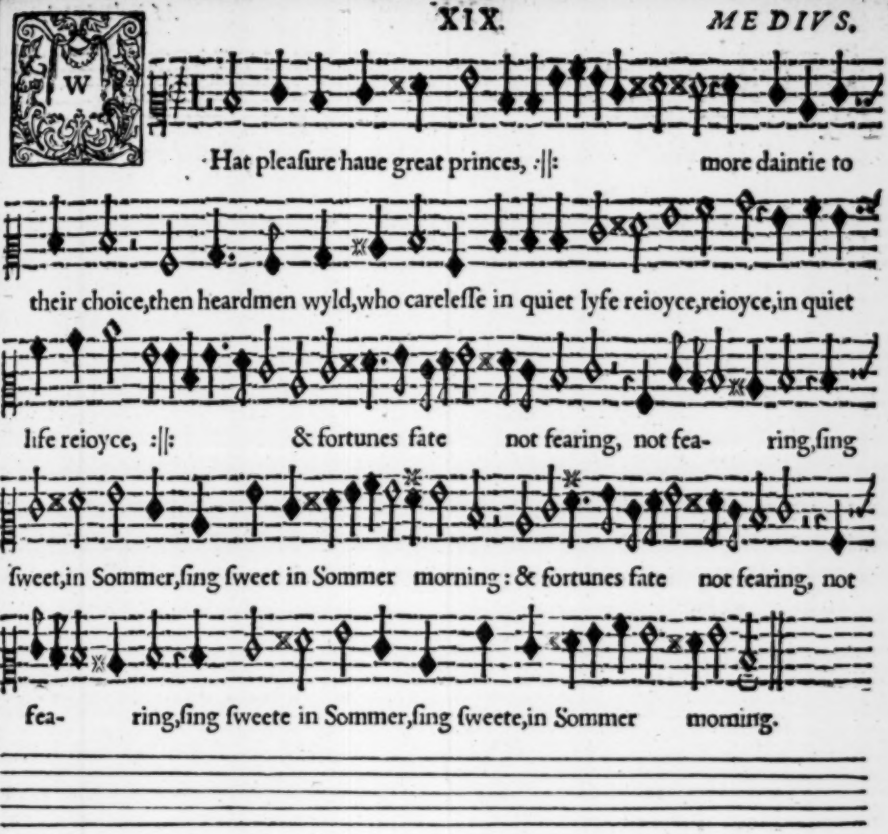
for on his frown, a thouſãd tormẽts wait, tormẽts waite. Proceed thẽ in this deſperate

enterpriſe, with good aduiſe, & folow, & folow loue thy guyd, that leads thee to thy wiſh-

ed Paradiſe, to :‖: Paradiſe, Thy climing thoughts, this comfort take with

all, that if it be, if it be thy foule diſgrace to ſlid, thy braue attẽpt ſhall yet excuſe thy

fall, :‖: ſhall yet excuſe thy fall.



2 Their dealings plaine and rightfull,
are void of all diſceit:
they neuer know how ſpightfull,
it is to kneele and waite:
on fauorite preſumptius.
whoſe pride is vaine and ſumptions.

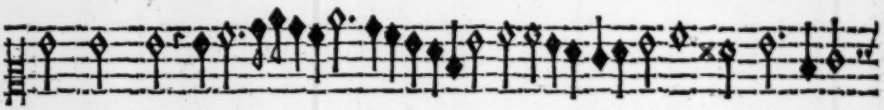
3 All day their flocks ech tendeth,
at night they take their reſt,
more quiet than who ſendeth,
his ſhippe into the Eaſt,
where gold and pearle are plentie,
but getting verie daintie,

4 For Lawiers and their pleading
the'ſteeme it not a ſtraw,
they thinke that honeſt meaning,
is of it ſelfe a law,
where conſcience iudgeth plainelie,
they ſpend no monie vainelie.

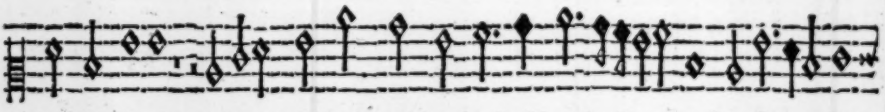
5 O happie who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold,
with clothing which ſuffiſeth,
to keepe him from the cold,
though poore and plaine his diet,
yet merrie it is and quiet.

FINIS.

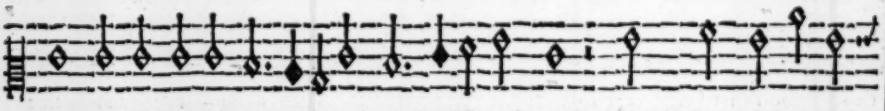
AS I beheld, I ſaw a heardman wilde, a heardman wild, a heardman wild, with



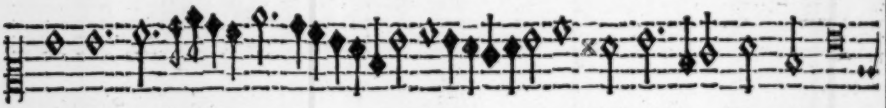
his ſheepehooke a picture fine de- face, a picture fine deface, which he ſome-



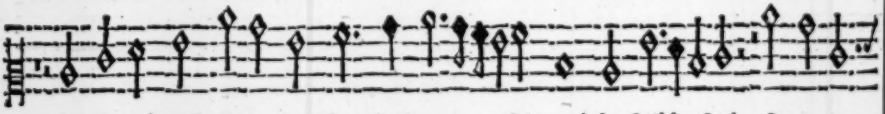
time his fancie to be- guild, had caru'd on bark of beech, of beech, in ſecret place,



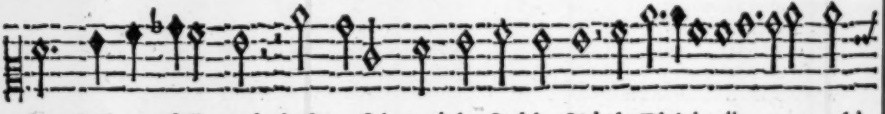
and with deſpite of moſt afflicted minde, afflicted minde, through deepe diſpaire of



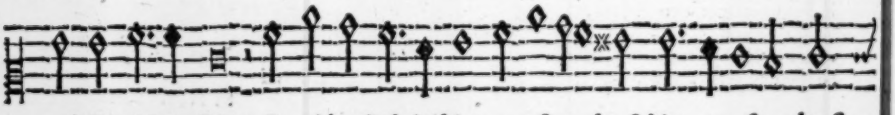
heart, for loue diſ- maid, for loue, diſ- maid, he puld euen from the tree,



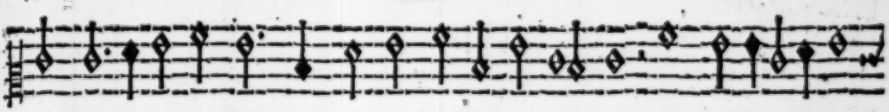
the carued rinde, & weping ſore theſe wo- ful words he ſaid, he ſaid, & weping



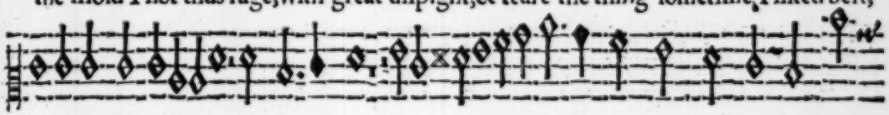
ſore theſe wo- full words, theſe woful words he ſaid, he ſaid, ah *Phlida*, :‖: would



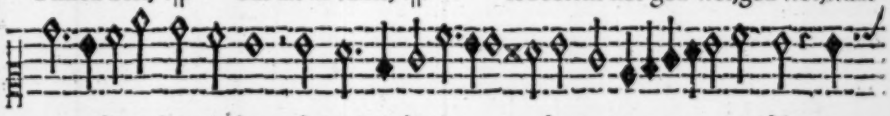
god thy picture faire, I could as lightlie blot out of my breſt, blot out of my breſt,



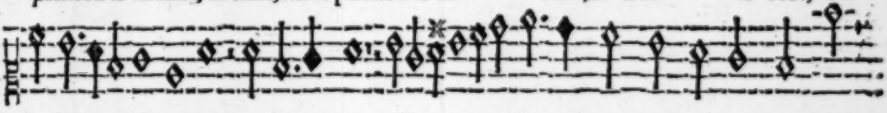
thē ſhold I not thus rage, with great diſpight, & teare the thing ſometime I liked beſt,



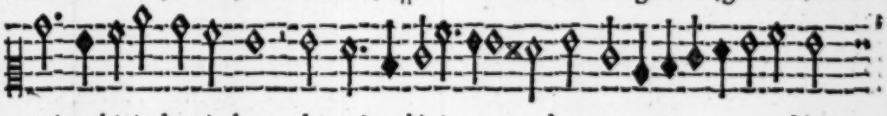
I liked beſt, :||: but all in vaine, :||: it booteth not god wot, god wot, what



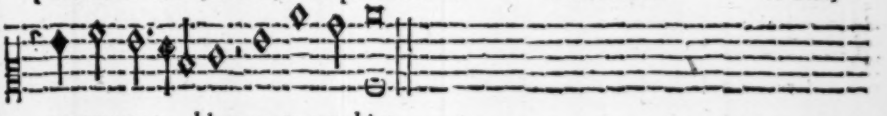
printed is in hart, in hart, what printed is in hart, on tree to blot, on



tree to blot, to blot, but all in vain, :||: it booteth not god wot, god wot, what

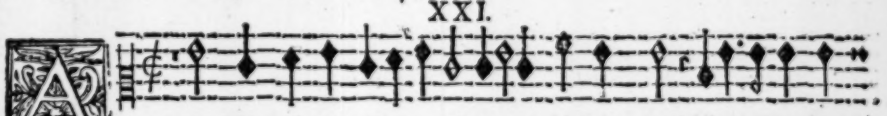


printed is in hart, in hart, what printed is in hart, on tree to blot,

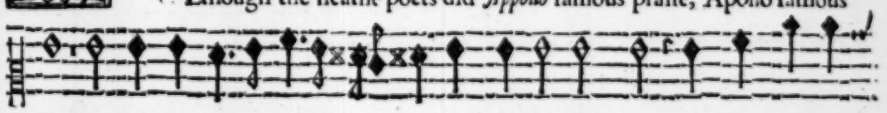


on tree to blot, on tree to blot.

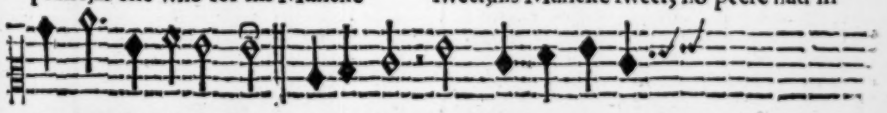
XXI.



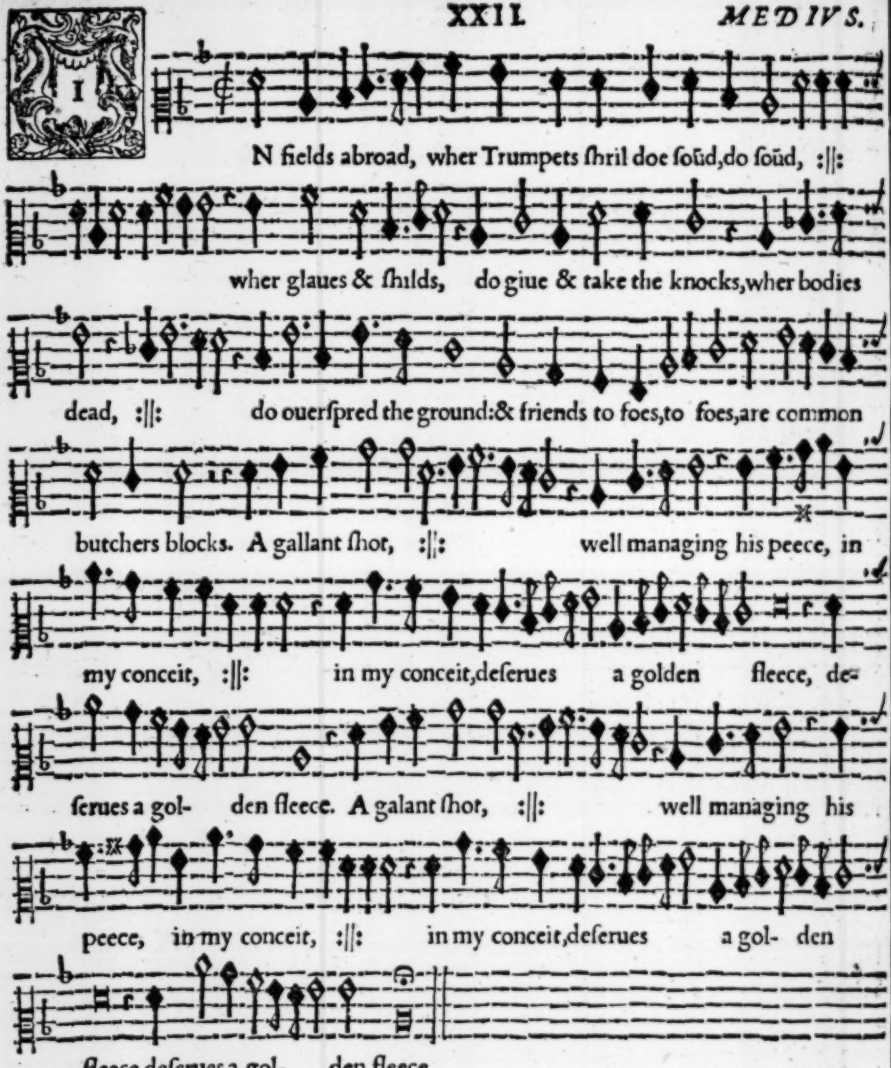
Although the heathē poets did *Appollo* famous praiſe, Apollo famous



praiſe, as one who for his Muſicke ſweet, his Muſicke ſweet, no peere had in



his daies, had in his daies. in his daies. Although the heathen &c.



2 Amid the ſeas, a gallant ſhippe ſet out,
where in nor men nor yet munition lackes,
in greateſt windes that ſpareth not a clout,
but cuts the waues in ſpight of wethers wracks,
would force a ſwain that comes of cowards kinde,
to change himſelfe and be of noble minde.

3 Who makes his ſeat a ſtatelie ſtamping ſtead,
whoſe neghes & playes are princelie to behold,
whoſe courage ſtout whoſe eyes are fierie red,
whoſe ioynts well knyt, whoſe harnes all of gold,
doth well deſerue to be no meaner thing,
then Percian knight whoſe horſe made him a knig.

4 By that bedſide where ſits a gallant Dame,
who caſteth of her braue and rich attyre,
whoſe peticote ſets forth as fayre a frame,
as mortall men or gods can well deſire,
who ſits and ſees her pettecote vnlaſt,
I ſay no more the reſt are all diſgraſt.

FINIS.

Onſtant *Penelo-* *pe,* ſends to thee careleſſe V*liſſes,*careleſſe

V- liſ- ſes,write not againe,but come ſweet mate thy ſelfe to reuiue me. Troy

we do much enuie, enuie we deſolate loſt ladies of *Greece:*Not *Priamus,*nor yet all

Troy can vs recompence make.Oh,oh,oh,that he had when he firſt toke ſhipping

to Lacedemon,that adulter I meane,had ben ouerwhelmed with waters:Then

had I not lien now all alone,thus quiuering for cold, nor vſed this complaint,nor

haue thought the day to be ſo long,ſo long. Then had I not lien now al alon thus

quiuering for cold,nor vſed this complaint,nor haue thought ỹ day to be ſo lōg,ſo lōg.

A virgi- nella :‖: è simil' alla rosa,

ch'in bel giardin sula na- tiua spi- na, Mentre sola è sicu- ra si riposa, si

ripo- sa. Ne gregge, ne pastor, :‖: se le auicina: L'aura soaue, &

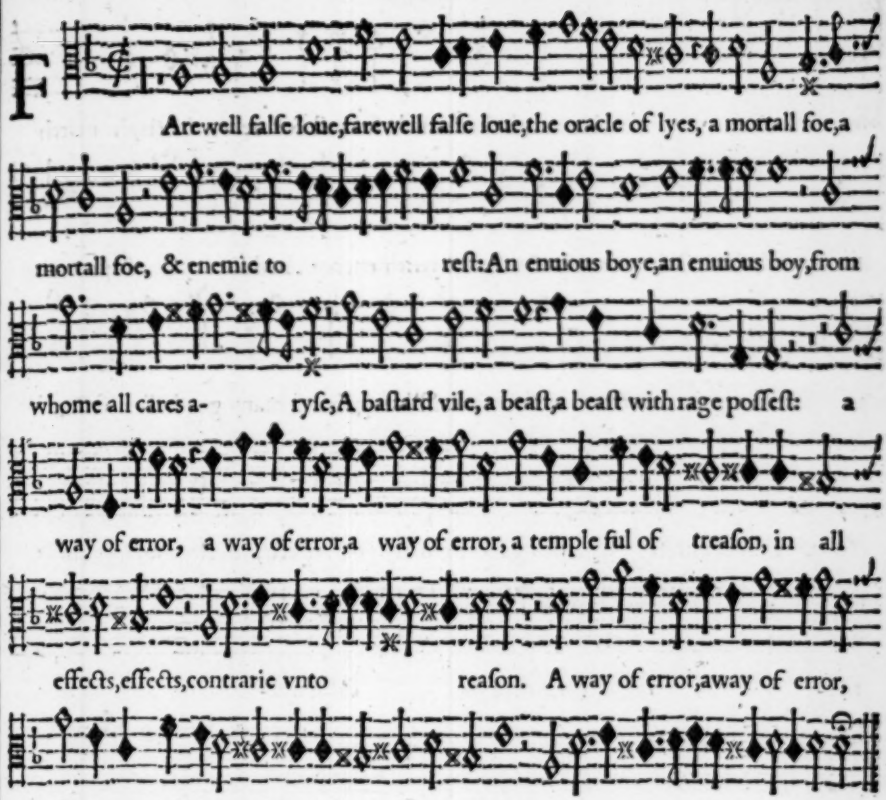
l'alba rugia do- sa, L'acqua, la terra, :‖: al s'uo sa-uor s'in-

china: Giona- ni va- ghi, vaghi, e donn' in- a- mora- te, Amano ha-

uerne, hauer- ne è seni e tempie orna- te. Giona-ni va-

ghi, vaghi, e donn' in- amora- te. Amano hauerne, hauer- ne, e seni,

e tempie orna- te.

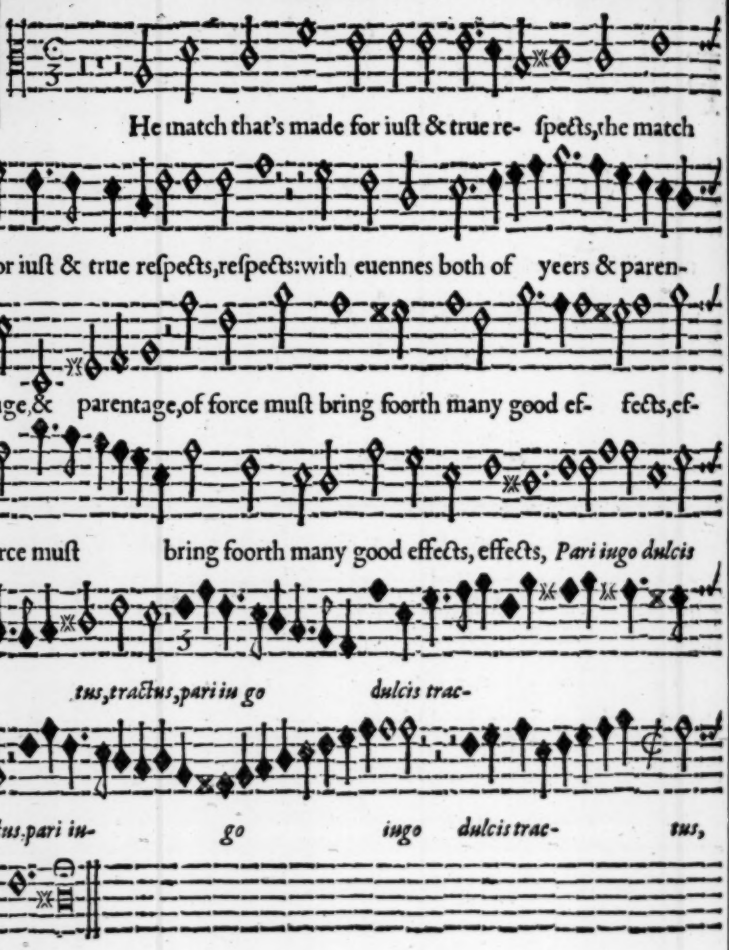


2 A poyſoned ſerpent couered all with flowers,
Mother of ſighes, and murtherer of repoſe,
A ſea of ſorows frō whēce are drawē ſuch ſhowers,
As moyſture lend to euerie griefe that growes,
A ſchole of guile, a net of deepe deceit,
A guilded hooke, that holds a poyſoned bayte.

3 A fortreſſe foyld, which reaſon did defend,
A Syren ſong, a feuer of the minde,
A maze wherein affection finds no ende,
A ranging cloud that runnes before the winde,
A ſubſtance like the ſhadow of the Sunne,
A goale of griefe for which the wiſeſt runne.

4 A quenchleſſe fire, a nurſe of trembling feare,
A path that leads to peril and miſhap,
A true retreat of ſorrow and diſpayre,
An idle boy that ſleepes in pleaſures lap,
A deepe miſtruſt of that which certaine ſeemes,
A hope of that which reaſon doubtfull deemes.

FINIS.



2 For where chaſt loue and liking ſets the plant,
And concord waters with a firme good will,
Of no good thing there can be any want.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

3 Sound is the knot that chaſtitie hath tyde,
Sweete is the Muſicke vnitie doth make,
Sure is the ſtore that plentie doth prouide.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

4 Where chaſtnes fayles, there cõcord wil decay,
wher concord fleetes, there plentie will decreaſe,
Where plentie wants, there loue will weare away.
Pari iugo dulcis tractus.

5 I chaſtitie reſtraine all ſtrange deſires,
I concord keepe the courſe of ſound conſent,
I plentie ſpare, and ſpend as cauſe requires.
pari iugo dulcis tractus.

6 Make much of vs all ye that married bee,
Speake well of vs all ye that minde to bee,
The time may come, to want and wiſh all three.
pari iugo dulcis tractus.

FINIS.

¶Here endeth the Sonets and Paſtoralles,

and beginneth Songes of Sadnes and Pietie.

Roſtrate ô Lord I lie, I lie, Proſtrate ô Lord I lie, Proſtrate

ô Lord I lie, behold mee Lord, with pittie, behold me Lord with

pittie, ſtop not thine eares againſt my crie, againſt my crie, my ſad & mourning

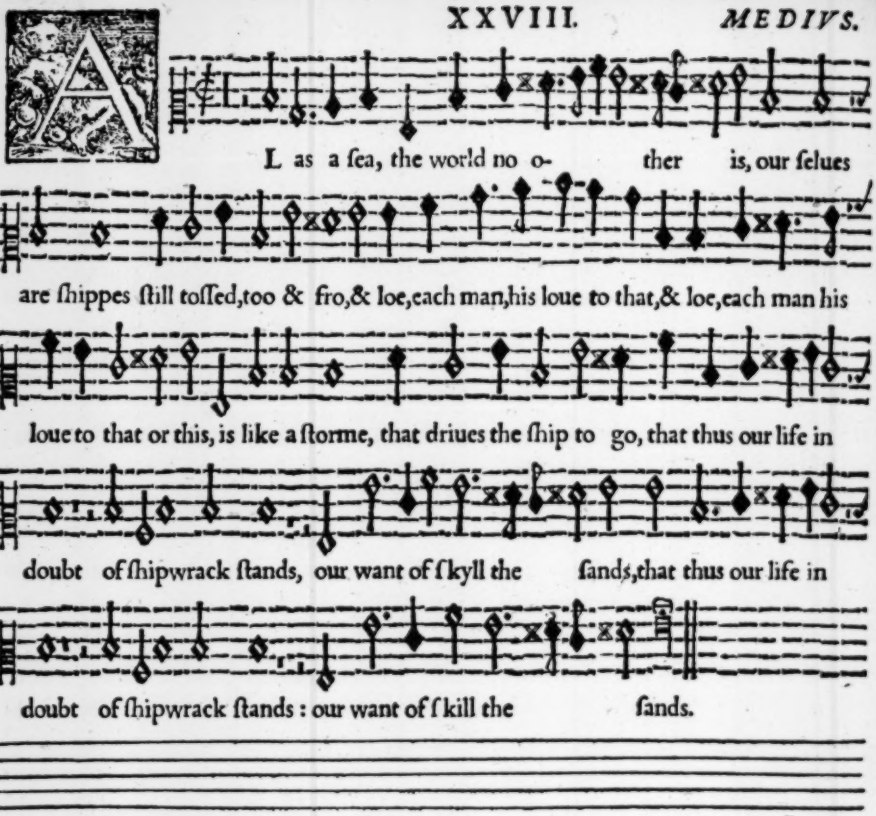
dittie, & morning dittie: Breath'd from an inward ſoule, from heart heartlie contrite,

an offering ſweete, a ſacri- fice, a ſacrifice in thy high heauenly ſight, in thy

high heauenlie ſight, heauenlie ſight.

2 Obſerue not ſinnes ô Lord,
for who may then abide it,
but let thy mercie cancel them,
thou haſt not man deni'd it,
man melting with remorſe and thoughts,
thought paſt repenting,
O lighten Lord, ô heare our ſongs,
our ſinnes full ſore lamenting.

3 The wonders of thy workes,
aboue all reaſon reacheth.
and yet thy mercie aboue all
this, vs thy ſpirit teacheth,
then let no ſinner fall,
in depth of foule diſpaire,
ſince neuer ſoule ſo foule there was,
but mercie made it faire.



2 Our paſſions be the Pirats ſtill that ſpoile,
and ouer board caſt's out our reaſons fraight:
the Marriners that day and night doe toyle,
be our conceits that doe on pleaſure waight:
pleaſure Maſter doth tirannize the ſhippe,
and giueth vertue ſecretly the nippe.

3 The compaſſe is a mind to compaſſe all,
both pleaſure,profit,place,and fame for naught:
the winds that blow,men ouer weening call,
the Merchandiſe is wit full deerely bought:
triall the'Anker caſt vppon experience,
for labor,lyfe,and all a doe the recompence.

FINIS.

Vſan- na faire ſometime aſſaulted was, :||:

by two olde men, deſiring their delight: whoſe falſe intent they

thought to bring :||: to paſſe, to bring to paſſe, if not by tender

loue, by force and might: to whome ſhe ſaid, if I your ſute de- ny, de-ny,

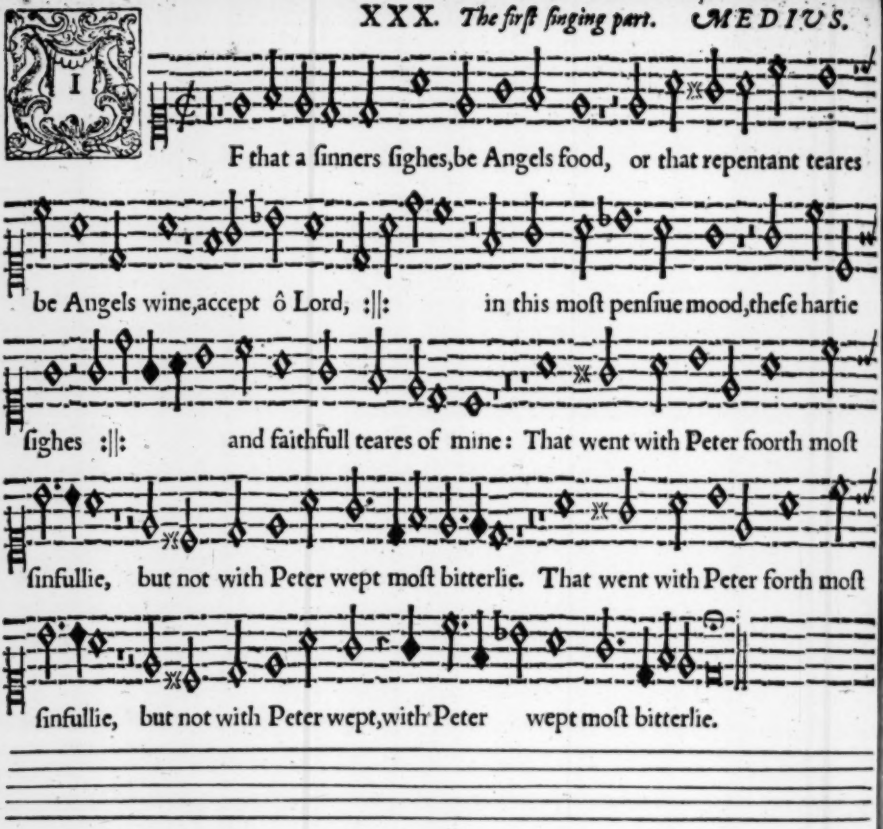
you wil me falſely, falſely accuſe, & make mee die, to whome ſhe

ſaid, if I your ſute de- ny de- ny, you will mee falſely, falſelie ac- cuſe, and

make mee die.

3 And if I graunt to that which you requeſt,
my chaſtitie ſhall then defloured bee,
Which is ſo deere to mee that I deteſt
my life, if it bereſted bee from mee:
And rather would I die of mine accord,
ten thouſand times, then once offend the Lord.

FINIS.



2 If I had Dauids crowne to me beetide,
or all his purple robes that he did weare,
I would lay then such honor all aside,
and onelie seeke a sackecloth weede to beare:
his Pallace would I leaue that I might show,
and mourne in cell for such offence,my woe.

3 Ther should these hands beate on my pensiue brest,
and sad to death,for sorrow rend my haire,
my voice to call on thee,should neuer rest,
whose grace I seeke,whose iudgement I doe feare:
vppon the ground all groueling on my face,
I would beseech thy sauour and good grace.

4 But since I haue not meane to make the show
of my repentant minde,and yet I see
my sinne to greagter heape then Peters grow,
whereby the danger more it is to me,
I put my trust in his most precious bloud,
whose life was payd to purchase all our good,

5 Thy mercie greater is then any sinne,
thy greatnes none can euer comprehend:
wherefore ô Lord,let me thy mercie winne,
whose glorious name no time can euer end:
wherefore I say all praise belongs to thee,
whome I beseech be mercifull to mee.

Are for thy ſoule as thing of greateſt price, made to the end

to taſt of powre deuine, deuoide of guilt, abhorring ſinne & vice, apt by gods grace

to vertue to encline, care for it ſo, as by thy retchles traine, it be not brought to

taſt, to taſt eternall pain, care for it ſo, as by thy retchles traine, it be not brought to

taſt, to taſt eternal paine.

2 Care for thy corps, but chiefly for ſoules ſake,
cut of exceſſe, ſuſteining food is beſt,
to vanquiſh pride, but comely clothing take,
ſeeke after ſkill, deepe ignorance deteſt:
Care ſo I ſay, the fleſh to feede and cloth,
that thou harme not thy ſoule and bodie both.

3 Care for the world to do thy bodie right,
racke not thy wit to winne by wicked waies,
ſeeke not t'oppreſſe the weake by wrõgfull might,
to pay thy dew do baniſh all delayes:
Care to diſpend according to thy ſtore,
and in like ſort be mindfull of the poore.

4 Care for thy ſoule, as for thy chiefeſt ſtay,
care for thy bodie for the ſoules auaile,
care for the world for bodies help alway,
care yet but ſo as vertue may preuaile,
care in ſuch ſort that thou be ſure of this,
care keepe thẽ not frõ heauen & heauenly bliſſe.

FINIS.

Vlla, lullaby, lul-la lullaby, my ſweet lit- tle baby, :||:

what meaneſt thou to crye, Lul-la, lulla-by, :||: la lulla, lulla-

by, la lulla la lulla-by, :||: Lul-la-by, my ſweet lit- tle ba- by.

The ſecond part.

BE ſtill my bleſſed babe, though cauſe thou haſt to mourne:

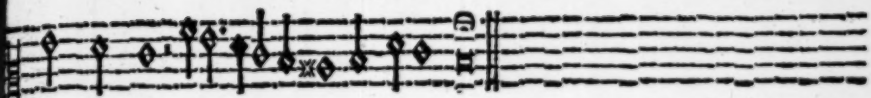
whoſe bloud moſt innocent to ſhed, the cruell king hath ſworne, & lo, alas, be-

hold, what ſlaughter he doth make, ſhedding the bloud of in-fants all, ſweet ſa- ui-

our for thy ſake. A king is borne, they ſay, which king this king would kill, oh

woe, oh woe, & woful heauie daie, when wretches haue their will, :||:

haue their will, oh woe, oh woe, & wofull heauie daie, whē wretches



haue their will, :||: haue their will.

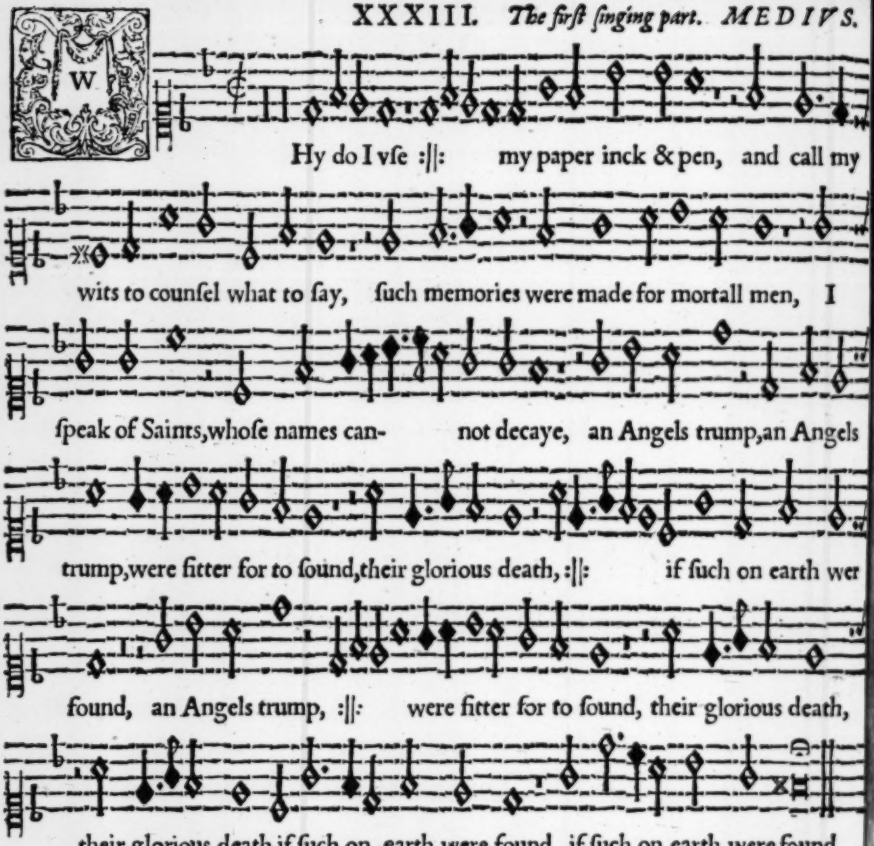
Lulla,la lulla,lulla lullahy,
My ſweete little Babie,what meaneſt thou to crie:

2 Three kings this king of kings to ſee,are come from farre,
To each vnknowen, with offerings great,by guiding of a Starre:
And ſhepherds heard the ſong,which Angells bright did ſing,
Giuing all glorie vnto God,for comming of this king:
Which muſt be made away,king Herod would him kill,
Oh wo and wofull heauie daie,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla la lulla,lulla,lullaby my ſweete:&c.

3 Lo,lo,my little Babe,be ſtill,lament no more,
From furie ſhalt thou ſtep aſide,help haue we ſtill in ſtore:
Wee heauenlie warning haue,ſome other ſoyle to ſeeke,
From death muſt flie the Lord of life,as Lambe both myld and meeke:
Thus muſt my Babe obey the king that would him kill,
Oh woe,and wofull heauie daie,when wretches haue their will.
Lulla,la lulla,lullaby,my ſweete:&c.

4 But thou ſhalt liue and raigne,as *Sibilles* haue foreſaide,
As all the Prophets Propheſie,whoſe mother yet a maide,
And perfect virgin pure,with her breſtes ſhall vpbreede,
Both God and man that all hath made,the Sonne of heauenly ſeede:
Whome caytiues none can traye,whome tirants none can kill,
Oh ioy,and ioyfull happie daie,when wretches want their will.

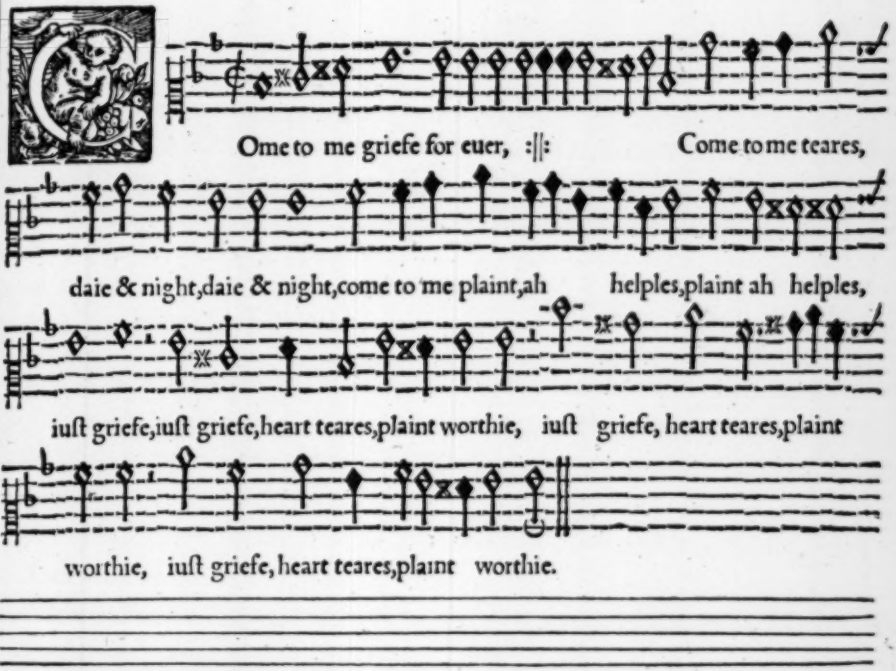
FINIS.



2 That ſtore of ſuch were once on earth purſu'd,
the hiſtories of auncient times record,
whoſe conſtancie great tirants rage ſubbu'd,
through patiẽt death profeſsing Chriſt their Lord
as his Apoſtles perfect witneſſe bere,
with many mo that bleſſed Martirs were.

3 Whoſe patience rare & moſt couragious minde,
with fame renoum'd perpetuall ſhall endure,
by whoſe examples we may rightly finde.
of holie life and death a patterne pure:
that we therefore their vertues may embrace.
pray we to Chriſt to guide vs with his grace.

¶ The funerall Songs of that honorable Gent. *Syr Phillip Sidney, Knight.*



2 Go fro me dread to die now,
Go fro me care to liue more,
Go fro me ioyes all on earth,
Sidney, O *Sidney* is dead.

3 He whome the Court adorned,
He whome the country courtis'd,
He who made happie his friends,
He that did good to all men.

4 *Sidney* the hope of land ſtrange,
Sidney the floure of England,
Sidney the ſpirite heroic,
Sidney is dead, O dead, dead,

5 Dead? no, no, but renomed,
With the anointed oned,
Honor on earth at his feete,
Bliſſe euerlaſting his ſeate.

Come to me griefe: &c.

FINIS.

That moſt rare breſt, O that moſt rare breſt, moſt rare

breſt, O that moſt rare breſt, moſt rare breſt, chriſtalline ſin-

ceere, ſinceere through which like gold, thy princelie heart did ſhine, did ſhine,

O ſpirite heroic, heroic, O vali-ant worthie knight, O Sidney, O Sidney, prince

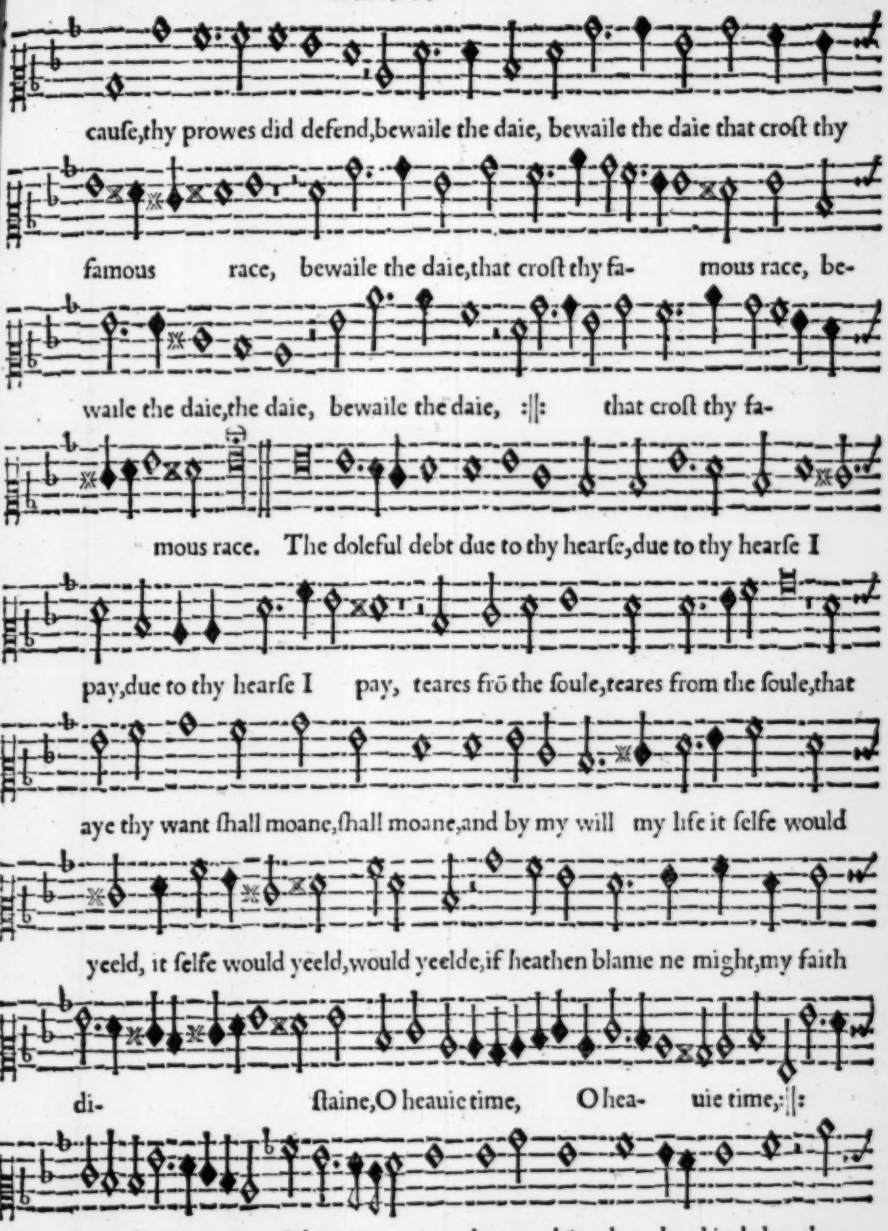
of fame, O Sidney, prince of fame & mens good will,

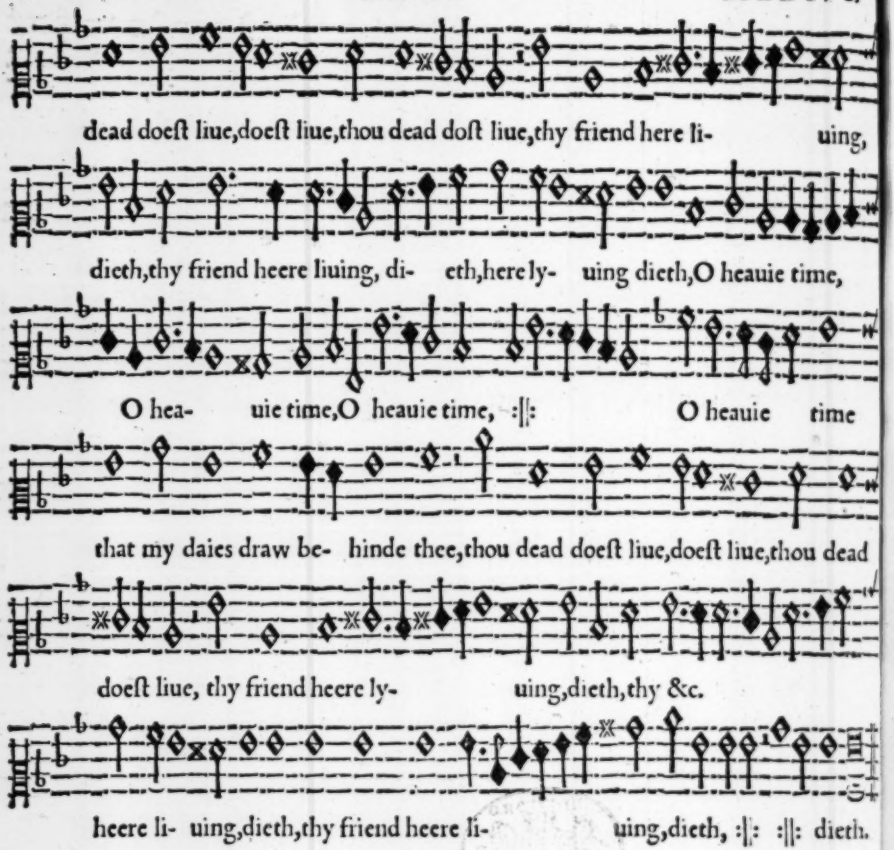
O Sidney, Sidney, O Sidney, :|: prince of fame, and mens good will,

good will. For thee, for thee both kings & princeſſes do mourn, for thee both

kings & princeſſes do mourne, & princeſſes do mourne, do mourne,

thy noble Tombe, three cities ſtrange deſierd, de- ſierd, foes to the cauſe, the


cauſe,thy prowes did defend,bewaile the daie, bewaile the daie that croſt thy
famous race, bewaile the daie,that croſt thy fa- mous race, be-
waile the daie,the daie, bewaile the daie, :||: that croſt thy fa-
mous race. The doleful debt due to thy hearſe,due to thy hearſe I
pay,due to thy hearſe I pay, teares frō the ſoule,teares from the ſoule,that
aye thy want ſhall moane,ſhall moane,and by my will my life it ſelfe would
yeeld, it ſelfe would yeeld,would yeelde,if heathen blame ne might,my faith
di- ſtaine,O heauie time, O hea- uie time,:||:
:||: O heauie time,that my daies draw be- hind thee,thou



¶The Table for the Pſalmes, and the reſt of the ſongs.

O God giue eare & do apply. I
Mine eies with feruencie. II
My ſoule oppreſt with care. III
How ſhall a young man prone. IIII
O Lord how long wilt thou. V
O Lord who in thy ſacred tẽt. VI
Help Lord for waſted are &c. VII
Bleſſed is he that feares &c. VIII
Lord in thy wrath. IX
Euen from the depth. X

The Sonets and Paſtoralles

I Ioy not in no earthly bliſſe. XI
Though Amarillus. XII
Who likes to loue. XIII
My mnide to me &c. XIIII
Where fancie ſond. XV
O you that heare this voyce. XVI
If weemen could be faire. XVII
Ambitious loue. XVIII
What pleaſure haue great Princes. XIX
As I beheld. XX
Although the heathen poets. XXI
In fields abroade. XXII
Conſtant Penelope. XXIII
La Virginella. XXIIII
Farewell falſe loue. XXV
The match that's made. XXVI

Songs of ſadnes & pietie.

Proſtatè O Lord. XXVII
All as a Sea. XXVIII
Suſanna faire. XXIX
If that a ſinners ſighes. XXX
Care for thy ſoule. XXXI
Lulla, Lullaby. XXXII
Why doe I vſe. XXXIII

The funerall ſongs of that honorable Gent. Syr Phillip Sidney Knight.

Come to me griefe &c. XXXIIII
O that moſt rare breſt. XXXV

¶FINIS.